

## Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER.

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

Publisher and Proprietor

VOLUME XXXII.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, OCT. 27, 1910.

NUMBER 45

## THE DINNER HOUR

(The scene is the dining room of a large summer hotel. It is the dinner hour and the room is filled with women and girls in filmy summer gowns, men in white flannels and other fashionable hot-weather togs and children of all ages in fascinating array. Everybody is talking at once.)

Middle-Aged Woman (who has forgotten to dust the powder off her left cheek, who wears wonderful corals and is surrounded by everything on the bill of fare)—"I simply can't eat this and the doctor said I needed to be built up! There's iron in this water and that'll give me an appetite!"

Thin Woman (across from her)—"Did you ever try puffed hayseed for weak stomachs?"

Girl (with a yellow ribbon wound through her hair and a neck a foot long)—"And that my gracefulness was what first attracted him to me. Of course, I don't believe a thing a man says, but—Jack never says things like that means them! He's an awful, if clever, discerning sort of man."

Other Girl (plump and snub-nosed)—"Why, I think he's the stupidest ever! Just naturally slow and clumsy! And the way he squints when he tries to be sentimental—"

First Girl—Dear me, Grace! I never say any one who thought every man who barely glanced at her was trying to make love to her as you do! Why, he never looked at any one but me both times he's been here!"

Youngish Woman (with a wasp waist and the best brand of rouge)—"He did, Henry! He grabbed Jimmie by the nape of the neck and shook him! Are you going to stand that sort of thing—having a great, hulking boy of seventeen beat your innocent child, who's only nine? While Jimmie may not always mind, I will say that he has a perfectly angelic disposition if he's handled properly. He's sensitive and I'm glad of it, for all creatures I detest that huge boy, who hasn't any feelings at all. Jimmie wasn't doing a thing, not a single thing!"

Why, I did ask that other boy and he made some ridiculous excuse about Jimmie having emptied into the lake all his bait he had just gone two miles to get! I think it showed Jimmie's tender heart to want to put the little minnows back into the water, where I'm sure they're much happier than they're in a tin pail with holes in it. And, anyhow, he's eight years older than Jimmie and his fish poles are always in the way, and you've just got to do something about it, or—

Youth of Twenty (lavender tie, socks and handkerchief)—"Didn't you see her when she came in? Billy? A peacock—look over by the east window—in pink! Metof that!"

Other Youth—Betcha I get introduced first! Betcha I take little Goldilocks for the first waltz this evening—

Dyspeptic Old Gentleman—If the management doesn't stop these children shrieking while people are trying to eat a peaceful dinner I'll leave, won't stand it!"

His Wife—Now, Richard, do be sensible! You're a child once—

He—Well, my mother kept me at home where I belonged and didn't trapse off to a summer resort and make every one miserable! Why, they played down our hall at six o'clock this morning!

Pretty Woman in Blue—You are perfectly ridiculous!

Her Husband—I guess I can see! I guess I'm not blind, though you may think I am! It was exactly 35 minutes by the clock that you sat in that corner of the porch with him, whispering. Yes, you were!

Pretty Woman—I won't listen to such absurd—

Her Husband—You'll listen till I get through, and I want to say right here—

Young Man—Rough beef and the salad and all the vegetables, and say! Some of the lamb, too, and anything else that's hand and—

Second Young Man—Bring me two kinds of pie and ice cream! and the cake and the choose! And coffee! Sadie, don't forget the coffee!

Boy of five hits his little sister in the face with his pineapple fritter. Both shriek.

Their Mother (to their father, as she removes the smitten one for reprimand)—Arthur, don't be harsh with Willie, now. Remember, he's a nervous child! Look out—he's putting a grasshopper down that little girl's neck!

In the recent pandemonium, Wil He spills a glass of milk over his father's suit and is dragged out, yelling!

Dyspeptic Old Gent—I hope he gets licked! I hope he gets licked! Maria, pass the butter!

Dressed in Style.

Western State Robber—Hold up y's hands!

Scared Passenger—Yes, yes, yes, of course.

Robber (gallantly)—Beg pardon, lady; you needn't hold yours up. Put 'em down again.

Lady—My hands are not up. Those are my shoulder puffs. New York Weekly.

Suspicious Condition.

Curtee (to lady who has taken refuge in a ditch from a flock of cows)—" Didn't I assure you that a cow is only dangerous when it has lost its calf?"

She—That's why I was frightened. I couldn't see a calf anywhere.

Punch.

## Polly and the Prophecy

By Stanley Barton

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

The fortune teller held Polly's little hand and gazed long and shrewdly into her eyes. The fortune teller was a woman, and therefore Polly did not blush, as she was wont to do under the admiring stare of men.

Nevertheless, Polly was uneasy. There seemed to be a set grimness about the tense mouth of this oddly-dressed seer that boded ill for the diminutive one before her.

"You would penetrate the future," began the fortune teller, "and what is in store for you? Well, then, young woman, I will tell you. Listen! An old man with money is to enter into your life."

"The stars tell me that you will meet him with open arms."

"Won't," protested the rebellious Polly. She had in mind, as she spoke, the sturdy Jimmy Hamilton, whom she had refused for the third time that morning.

"The stars do not lie," chided the fortune teller. "An old man will enter your life, and his impetuosity will fairly take your breath away. He will be old, but—he has money!"

"I won't hear a bit more," came from Polly angrily, and in a turbulent state of mind she drew her haughty little self indignantly out of the camp chair and bounced from the tent.

Polly Edmunds wasn't superstitious, and it was absurd to believe that she had gone to the fortune teller except through gentle curiosity.



"You Would Penetrate the Future."

It was enough to make any self-respecting girl angry—the suggestive words of that parchment-skinned, silly-talking Roumanian. She wouldn't believe, and she knew very well that she would always remain true to Jimmy Hamilton; he of the dark-brown hair and blue eyes.

"There is something wrong with the car," the man was explaining. "My driver has been working at it for an hour. He couldn't stop, you see. Only for you, young woman, would he have been dashed to the limit of his strength."

Polly apologetically came glibly to the rescue, and passed it into the hands of the astonished girl.

"Honk, honk!"

The car, now under control, came to a sudden stop beside them, and in an instant, the old gentleman had climbed in beside the driver, who put on full speed and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"Jimmy," gasped Polly, "I take it all back. I will marry you. Things happen so fast in this world that it is no place for an unprotected girl."

And Jimmy laughed joyfully.

"If I had a mouthful of vulgar gold teeth," contributed the girl spitefully.

Arthur Ellis of Roylett avenue, Toronto officiated at the banching of Henderson in Petersborough. Having experienced some difficulty in obtaining hotel accommodation, Henderson registered at the Oriental hotel as A. Speare, Toronto. His identity was not established until he asked the clerk to call him at five in the morning as he had some newspaper work to do and "we all had to be up there early." He is a man of small stature, between forty-five and fifty, weighs about 130 pounds, smooth shaven, blue eyes, and wears gold-rimmed spectacles. His work as executive was satisfactory, but some of the officials rather resented his call later in the day, when he asked if things were all right, if they were satisfied, and bidding them good-bye. Rev. Canon Davidson almost collapsed when called into his study to find the hangman waiting to bid him good-bye and comment on the "success" of the job."—Port Hope (Ont.) Guide.

"I don't know why I should tell you my troubles," observed Jimmy Hamilton.

Polly glared. "You ought to read the advertisements and take a course in general intelligence."

The unshaved Jimmy laughed heartily. "You are the original little cross-patch," he enthused. The tabasco sauce, as it were, to the dull routine of life in Greenville. Really, I am proud of you, Polly. But, why this most becoming petulance?"

"I don't know why I should tell you my troubles," observed the girl. "You haven't any sympathy—and, besides, I have decided to have nothing more to do with you. There!"

"I command you on your decision," remarked the youth at her side. "But, honestly, dear, it's not original, and you don't mean it. I'm the only chap in the town weather-beaten enough to survive these sudden storms, of which the present one-sided altercation is but a reasonably fair example."

"Well, here said Ty, "he's a dandy, and when he was eight days old I put a baseball in his hand."

"Huh! What did he do with it?" asked Jennings.

"Threw it straight as a die," said Cobb.

"It's that's true," replied Jennings, with an air of great solemnity. "Mind you, I don't believe it, but if it's true, we'll drop the whole subject right here."

"You like to hear yourself talk," snapped the maid. "You are simply eaten up with egotism. Some day your head will expand to the bursting point and prove the vacuum that I have long anticipated."

Polly, in her tempestuous way suddenly turned the conversation. "I have been to the fortune teller; if you must know."

Jimmy, on the day before, had strolled through the camp of these picturesque nomads. "Gypsy queens have reputations for being rare seers," he observed, thoughtfully.

"Rare—ools," stormed the maid. "I just hate myself for having gone out there at all. I ought to have known better. No one and read the future," she concluded wisely. "It isn't possible."

"I deduce, then, that the parcel of information handed out by the swarthy Minerva wasn't at all to your liking."

The girl flushed, then the storm in her eyes suddenly abated and a wicked little imp of mischief danced expectantly in its place. "It would be nice if I could believe her," she ventured, demurely. "You would advise me to, would you not?"

"Certainly," came from the grinning and unsuspecting Jimmy. "Gypsy queens are daughters of seventh daughters, you know. They are wise in the occult."

Thereupon Polly, with a happy little smile, unfolded the information vouchsafed by her Roumanian highness.

A frown clouded the youth's brow at the completion of the tale. "Rot," he grumbled.

"But," objected Polly, sweetly, "I have your own words for it that these gypsy people are vastly clever. Since talking to you, I have no doubt, and what it will come out as she said."

Polly was in a rare humor. Never before had she been able to tease this great, good-tempered giant. He never took her refusals to marry him so seriously.

His position in society is between officials and scholars and through custom and law he is compelled to keep the position to the last degree. This compulsion to keep one's rank has given rise to the existence of committees called *anwaltskammer*, whose duty it is to keep a strict watch that no lawyer dishonors his calling. These committees have a strict code of punishment, ranging to complete expulsion from office. In this way, the lawyers in Germany have a good and honored position; in fact, there is scarcely a country in which the lawyer enjoys more respect and confidence.

GOOD RUSSIAN LABOR LAWS.

Czar's Kingdom Makes Unique Claim

to Having Best Statutes on Globe.

Russia, having been denounced all over the world as the worst oppressor of the working people, now comes forward with the unique claim that she has the best labor laws on the globe.

Russia declares that "pink-me" stores cannot exist in the country, as they do in America, for example. Employers are compelled to pay wages in cash, not in food, clothing, etc., and bosses disobeying the law are fined \$25 to \$150.

The employer is also required to take hygienic care of his laborers and to supply them medical attendance free of charge. In a factory where a thousand persons are employed a hospital with at least ten beds must be provided and all medical attention free.

The working day is limited between six a.m. and seven p.m. Labor on Sundays and 40 holidays in the year is prohibited, except in cases of actual necessity, and not more than 120 hours overtime may be worked in any year.

On the other hand, employers may, for the benefit of any of the three classes, first, for defective work, second, for absence without sufficient cause, third, for infraction of shop regulations. In determining what is defective work the employer is not the sole judge. The government factory inspector may be appealed to.

The fines are calculated by the nature of the offense and not by the loss sustained by the employer. Fines for absence without sufficient cause may not be imposed unless the absence is for at least a half day. No fine for absence on account of fire, flood, illness of the employee, wife or parents, or death of either. Strikes are prohibited and punishable by imprisonment, depending on the damage caused. The government also punishes employers by imprisonment not to exceed three months and prohibits them from managing a factory for two years.

Professor Likes Skunk Meat.

According to Prof. Frank E. Wood of the Illinois state laboratory, the unpalatable skunk is good to eat as well as being otherwise useful. That the flesh of the much-dreaded beast is white, tender and of a delicious flavor if the scented glands are removed is the assertion of the savant. Professor Wood gives no recipe for the capture of the animal, and does not tell just how one is to be enabled to enjoy the meat.

No animal is more unjustly persecuted than the skunk," asserts Professor Wood. "It is the best friend the farmer has, destroying enormous quantities of grubs, beetles, grasshoppers, mice and moles."

Infant Mortality.

The department of health ascribes the high death rate among babies in hot weather to the ignorance of the mothers, and for their education has issued a simple list of rules for caring for infants, printed in several languages, and urging that prompt notification of illness be sent to the branches of the department. The mortality among babies is found to be highest among the negroes, the Italians ranking second and the Russians third. The Yiddish speaking population of the lower East side has a comparatively good record.—Medical Record.

Very Sorry, But—

"Alas, if I could only share the tremendous sorrows of magazine editors."

"He says it can't be did."

"It must be did. He got himself a recount when he was running for the job."

Do they? Don't they? Every letter I get from any one of them breathes regret!"

Accounted For.

Bacon—This paper says that the German emperor has 75 titles.

Egbert—I always wondered what

made the ends of his mustache turn up so.—Yonkers Statesman.

## LAW BUSINESS IN GERMANY

Lawyers Are Not Allowed to Advertise, and Their Fees Are Fixed by Statute.

The German law fixes the exact fees which a German attorney has to claim for all kinds of professional work and the rechtsanwalt can charge neither more nor less.

These fees apply to all matters of the civil code and of criminal cases.

The amount, according to the Green Bag, depends exclusively on the value of the object of contention.

It is an old though still unfulfilled wish of German lawyers to have a new fixed list of fees—not made after the old and low standard of the year 1879, but made with consideration to the changes—the numerous decided changes which have taken place since.

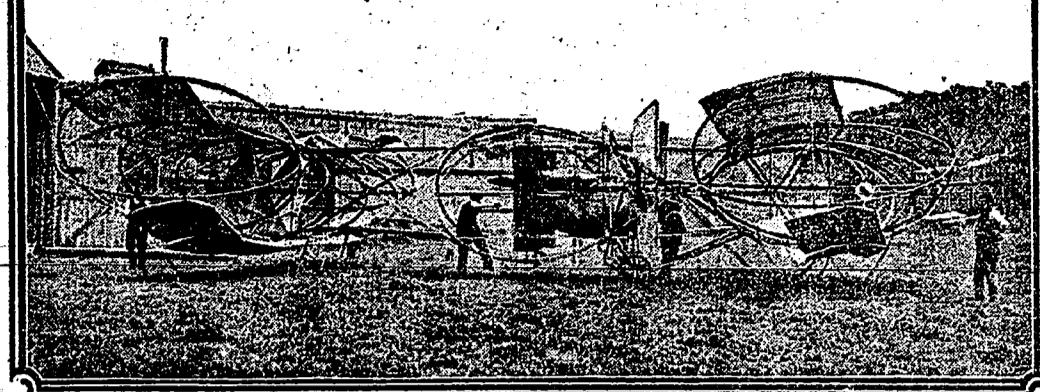
The rechtsanwalt is attorney and counsellor at law all in one (in England solicitor and barrister). The rechtsanwalt can never be a business man as he is in the case in the United States.

The exercise of the law is not to be considered a calling or profession, but is to be looked on more as a public office.

According to the lawyers' code of the 1st of July, 1878, lawyers are charged publicly with



## AEROPLANE DESIGNED TO CARRY SIX PASSENGERS



THE GIANT TANDEM BIPLANE

LEUT. J. W. Seddon of the British navy has just designed and built an enormous aeroplane which is intended to carry six passengers. Preliminary tests are being made with it near Wolverhampton, England. This "tandem biplane," as it is called, differs entirely from any other flying machine now in use. The "control vane" weighs about a ton, steel tubes take the place of wires, the flying cover an area of 1,000 feet and it will be propelled by two eighty-horse-power engines which are placed between the two sets of planes.

## HORSE ON PENSION

Jerry, Equine Detective, Given Allowance for Services

Corporation, Recognizing Eighteen Years of Faithfulness, Will Make Life Easy Rest of Animal's Days.

Spokane, Wash.—Jerry, faithful servant and one-time detective, has been pensioned by a great express company after serving that corporation for 18 years.

Jerry is not an ordinary being. Unlike many who have fitted into the scheme of a great business, Jerry never would work on Sunday, however pressing might have been the case.

Jerry is bay gelding 15½ hands high and weighs 1,300 pounds. He was foaled in 1886. Jerry's pedigree is not worth mentioning. He was a work horse and served 18 years without a day off or a vacation.

Besides faithfully pulling the wagon, Jerry has guarded the company's treasures. Several years ago, there apparently was a hold-up in the

yard in the rear of the office. Jerry's driver proved to be the hold-up. Robbing him, he pretended to be the victim of bandits. To carry out his deception the driver had fired one shot into the wall and was about to fire again. Just then Jerry got an idea. He suddenly backed the wagon, the wheel hit the revolver, turned it and the bullet buried itself in the driver's leg. The seeming mystery surrounding the robbery was solved soon afterward.

Eighteen years ago, when the population of Spokane was less than 15,000 Jerry and his team mate were bought by the company, the price paid being \$600. They made the rounds together until 1899, when the mate died. Jerry was put between the shafts of a single wagon and he made the rounds alone, simply because he would not work double. He never forgot his team mate.

Jerry became the pet of the office force, the favorite of merchants and of the barn men through his intelligence and gentleness. He always had a box stall. Some time ago one of the horses in the barn became ill. Jerry was put in a single stall, that having earned his rest, Jerry will be sent into a pasture in the Spokane valley, about five miles from the scene of his labor. He will run knee-deep in clover and alfalfa with the fragrant odors from surrounding orchards and the perfumes of wild flowers to whet his appetite and woo him to sleep when the sun has slipped behind the western hills.

## NEW YORK MAN NEVER KISSED

Incidental to Engagement Handsome Easterner Makes Blushing Admirer Likes Girls.

New York.—Can a man live 40 years in New York, with all its pretty girls, without kissing or being kissed? Here is one man who says he can. He points to his own case as an instance, and the other day he told why. Olin W. Hill, secretary of the Carnegie Safe Deposit company, is the man. He is over forty, handsome, well groomed, and bears all the outward marks of a man-about-town.

But Mr. Hill was at last fallen a victim to Cupid's darts, and he blithely admitted his engagement to Miss Martha Brown, daughter of Mrs. Slater Brown of Seattle.

The young woman is now in New York purchasing her "trousseau," Mr. Hill said, "and she expects her mother here shortly."

"Until now I have never been in love with any woman, have never kissed a woman, or even thought of proposing. I had intended to keep my engagement secret until Miss Brown's mother arrived, and then let her make the announcement, but the false reports that I was to marry a stenographer named Miss Brown in the employ of the Carnegie Trust company had to be corrected."

Mr. Hill admitted that he liked the girls well enough, but said that he believed that no man had a right to kiss one until after marriage.

## COVER POSTERS OF BALLET

Members of Old Ladies' Home Regent Billboard Pictures of Women Scantly Dressed.

Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Opposite the Old Ladies' home in this city is a "dead wall," which is used to advertise attractions at some of the local theaters. A billposter put up a number of posters of ballet dancers clad in gaudy and scant attire. The inmates of the house, who saw them from their windows, were indignant.

They held a consultation and then resolved on action. They procured a number of newspapers, and with paste and put made their way to the opposite side of the street and covered the lower limbs of the dancers, and were much pleased with their work.

One of them remarked: "There now! I guess decency will not be outraged."

## DEBUT OF ELEVEN DUCKLINGS.

Hot Water Hatches Them in New Jersey—Campers' Improved Refrigerator Doing Well.

Centerville, N. J.—Members of the Eureka Camping club, of Jersey City, who are camping along the Little Nockeep Creek, north of this town, were surprised when they saw eleven young ducklings swimming about in the pond formed by a turn in the stream. The presence of the fowl puzzled the campers, as no mother duck was in sight and there is not a farmhouse within a mile of the place.

The mystery of the ducklings' appearance was explained, however, when Barton Youngcourt returned to camp. He had charge of the commissary of the colony up to the time business compelled him to leave for his home, several weeks ago. Youngcourt, before his departure, had purchased in Centerville what were represented to be a dozen duck's eggs. He placed them in a basket and set them in the cool edge of the stream. He neglected

## DANGER IN LEATHER.

Expert's Opinion Is That Blood Poisoning May Result.

danger that the process may not be completely carried out.

In a factory a man who works at the chrome acid bath is generally put to work at the reducing bath too, so that any chrome acid in his hands may be neutralized. If it is not, he gets "chrome sores," which are very dangerous and are difficult to cure. Lamoline is largely used and recommended now.

Chrome tanning is generally used for upper leather and not often for soles, because when wetted it gets very slippery.

A large number of tanners are now giving up the old process for the chrome for light leather, but it is not yet very popular with heavy manufacturers.

I have heard of continual complaints that it "draws the feet badly."

Chrome tanning is the latest word in tanning in England," the manager of a well-known Strand firm of said.

"We only use it for one particular strap on saddles which go to South America, and then it is so padded that it touches neither horse nor rider."

The process makes leather as nearly as possible waterproof. It is still in its infancy.

If chrome tanning is properly done there ought to be no danger, but if done hastily by unqualified people, chrome acid and other chemicals are left in the leather and are dissolved out in the perspiration, so that chrome sores and other mischiefs might be caused.

Chromates in solution," said the medical officer of health for a large district, "have a poisonous action and also act corrosively on the skin. Chrome acid is a strongly-acid liquid and in some cases the workmen preparing it or using it in various processes suffer for severe ulcers."

Lord's Prayer on Coin.

New York.—A curious specimen of the fine work of a famous old American engraver, A. W. Overdrugh, has come to light in a little Staten Island town. The relic is an ancient gold dollar, in the center of which is a circular one-sixth of an inch in diameter.

Overdrugh engraved the Lord's prayer. The inscription cannot be seen with the aid of glasses. The engraving was done on a wafer.

"But if any free chromic acid is left in the leather, blood poisoning may result, and in the manufacture of the cheaper grades of leather there is a

possibility that application for a copyright be made.

Infantile Paralysis Increases.

Harrisburg, Pa.—There are 658 cases of infantile paralysis in 45 of the 67 counties of Pennsylvania, according to reports received by the state department of health. The largest number is in Lancaster county, where there are 135 cases. Philadelphia reports 70 cases.

One in Each Five Divorced.

Los Angeles, Calif.—Records show that from October 1, 1909, to October 1, 1910, 1,060 divorces were granted in Los Angeles. 645 of them within the last six months. This is the rate of one divorce to less than five marriages. During September 202 marriages were granted.

French Nobility Grows.

Paris.—There were only 30,000 noble families in France before the Revolution; now there are ten times as many claiming to be "blue-blooded" aristocrats, this in spite of the fact that a great many of the old families have died out or are dying out.

## Make Use of Your Gifts

By REV. ABNER H. LUCAS, D. D.

Text.—And he said, leave us not. I pray thee, for as much as thou knowest, how we are to encamp in the wilderness, and that may be with us instead of eyes. Num. 10:31.

What more glorious use can be made of knowledge, influence, and personal strength than to turn them to the help of the needy? If your vision is penetrating and clear, what nobler service can you render than "be eyes" for those who may not see afar? If your hand has strength and cunning, to what better use may it be turned than lifting the burdens of the weak and teaching the unskilled how best to accomplish their task?

If you have wealth you have possession of a power for good which is nearly omnipotent, if rightly applied. What more worthy aim can lead men and women of wealth than that through their help the poor may catch visions of the highest and holiest life?

If we have the gift of prophecy, we must use it for the instruction of the ignorant, if we retain it. To hesitate is inglorious to fail; selfishly to keep for ourselves what God has intended shall serve his children, is to lose life with all its opportunities of good.

Hobbs' knowledge and influence never were more precious to him than when, having refused the appeal to enrich himself, he accepted the opportunity to assist others. As the new dangers arose, and he helped Moses meet them and conquer them, his own mind and soul grew imperial.

By the number, magnitude, and stress of the responsibilities of others, he was developed into his own worthiest life.

When a great Italian commander was defeated, he issued his immortal appeal: "Soldiers, I am without money and without reward; I have nothing to offer you but cold and hunger, and rags and hardship. Let him who loves his country follow me."

With that summons to self-sacrificial patriotism, he gathered to his side the choicest souls of his generation.

The men who followed in response to that appeal became courageous heroes themselves. When our Lord turned and said to the multitude,

"The Son of man bath not where to lay his head," and invited them to follow him, he was calling to men and women who had counted the cost, and were ready to surrender themselves to the cause of purity, truth, and human helpfulness.

The way of life is narrow; the gate to it is narrow; but the narrowness of the way and the gate is its glory.

Narrowness of the way demands energy, high purpose, and noble perseverance.

There is no other way. To invite a great soul to a broad path to invite him to smallness, to the cessation of growth and impotence. The cry has been heard in every age, "Would God it were easier to be good!" "And would God it were easier to redeem the earth!" But that is a mistaken cry.

When the ten spurs returned from Canada murmuring because of the obstacles to their conquest, their murmuring was an evidence of weakness; but the cry of Caleb and Joshua was, "Up, let us conquer these giants, and take their walled cities." That was the token of the greatness of the two.

The case of Anna Luther was selected by the public as the best one on which to arouse the prison, as they had clear evidence of one of the most atrocious crimes in criminal annals.

Having married Miss Luther, and got her money, Gebhardt lured her to a woods near Ispip. Gebhardt told her he was a married man with a family. The girl implored him not to desert her, but Gebhardt whipped out a revolver and while the girl's arms were still about his neck and her lips pressed to his, shot her dead and then left the body where it had fallen.

Confessed Killing Seven Women.

Frederick Gebhardt, of Astoria, Ia., who confessed to killing seven women in a "marriage and murder scheme" to get money, was found guilty at Riverhead, I. L., of the murder of Anna Luther, a young woman whom he had lured into marrying him.

The case of Anna Luther was selected by the public as the best one on which to arouse the prison, as they had clear evidence of one of the most atrocious crimes in criminal annals.

Having married Miss Luther, and got her money, Gebhardt lured her to a woods near Ispip. Gebhardt told her he was a married man with a family. The girl implored him not to desert her, but Gebhardt whipped out a revolver and while the girl's arms were still about his neck and her lips pressed to his, shot her dead and then left the body where it had fallen.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

for Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Sothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve, in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail.

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Now He Knows.

"On what grounds does your father object to me?" he asked.

"On any grounds within a mile of our house," she answered.

Miss Winslow's Soothing Sprays.

Granulated Soothing Sprays.

## Crawford Avalanche.

G. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year..... \$1.50  
Six Months..... 75  
Three Months..... 40

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1893.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY Oct. 27

## Home Circle Department

A column dedicated to Tired Mothers as they join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Crude thoughts as they fall from the Editorial Pen—Pleasant Evening Reveries.

A man builds a bridge and he is a great man: Another man puts up a cathedral and he is a great man. But he who gives a man a idea which changes his life for good is the greatest of all.

### TRUTHS.

The post of honor is the post of duty.

Let nothing be undone which ought to be done.

Small profits, little risk; large profits, great risks.

The best kind of a picnic is a pick at Old Nick.

Something wrong when a man is afraid of himself.

Honesty is better capitol than a sharper's cunning.

Whose credit is suspected is not safe to be trusted.

A true man never frets about his place in this world.

Employ no one to do what you can easily do yourself.

Better to die at the post of duty than to live elsewhere.

### BITS OF WISDOM.

There is no secret of success but work.

The mind of a good man is a kingdom to him and he can always enjoy it.

Many run after felicity like a man hunting for his hat; while it is on his head.

Take pleasure in your work. A task which appears distasteful at first sight soon becomes pleasure.

Endurance is more valuable than cleverness. It is the patient, steady plodder who gain and keep fortunes.

When benignity and gentleness reign within we are in least danger from without; every person and every occurrence is bended in the most favorable light.

A graceful behavior toward others is a constant source of pleasure; it pleases others because it indicates respect for their personality, and it gives tenfold more pleasure to ourselves.

### DEAD FAILURES.

The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decide for children what they shall do, or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves.

So we have now in public men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making plowshares, and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts, and doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patient's convalescence, and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences. While there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions, or shoving planes who ought to be transforming literature.

There are children who early develop natural abilities for certain styles of work. When the father of the astronomer Forbes was going to London he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer cried out, "Bring me a telescope!" And there are children whom you find

all by themselves drawing on their slates or on paper, ships or houses or birds, and you know they are to be draftsmen or artists of some kind. And you find others ciphering out difficult problems with rare interest and success, and you know they are to be mathematicians. And others making wheels and strange contrivances, and you know they are going to be machinists. And others are found experimenting with hoe and plow and sickle and you know they will be farmers. And others are always swapping jack-knives or bats or bats and making something by the bargain and they are going to be merchants.

### Figs and Thistles.

The eagle does not sing, but it soars.

No man who thinks wrong can live right.

Love will win where gun powder would fail.

The fig tree does not bloom but it bears fruit.

Infidelity cannot point to any fulfilled prophecies.

God's hardest work is to reveal Himself to the sinner.

There is no need more heroic than to say no to yourself.

God will go where the humblest child is not welcome.

The first prayer was made by the man who had the first need.

A holy life is the best answer that can be made to infidelity.

People are not valn. except when they have no knowledge.

There is nothing for which the heart yearns more than sympathy.

The man who turns his back on God turns his back on his own good.

The devil always keeps the hinges of the gate of death well greased.

There are no free passes given on any of the roads that lead to the pit.

The serpent cannot fly, but knows enough to catch birds that can.

The more people need friends, the more they will appreciate kindness.

You can not pray for yourself and leave the people you don't like out.

No man ever really prays for anything that he is not willing to die for.

Religion is not something you can take home and keep for your own use.

Many men tie their horses carefully but let their tongues run loose.

The first mile on the road to Hell looks as though it led straight to Heaven.

The man who lives to please himself will find that he has a hard master.

This life will mean more when we realize that it is the pathway to the next.

### REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

Governor—Chase S. Osborn, Sault Ste. Marie.

Lieutenant-Governor—John Q. Ross, Muskegon.

Supreme Court Justice—John E. Bird, Adrian.

Secretary of State—Frederick C. Martindale, Detroit.

Treasurer—Albert E. Sleeper, Lexington.

Auditor-General—Oramel B. Fuller, Ford River.

State Land Commissioner—Huntley Russell, Grand Rapids.

Attorney-General—Franz C. Kuhn, Mt. Clemens.

Chairman State Central Committee—W. F. Knox, Sault Ste. Marie.

### DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

Governor—Lawton T. Hemans, Mason.

Lieutenant-Governor—Stephen D. William, Detroit.

Secretary of State—Adolph W. Peterson, Dowagiac.

Attorney General—Thomas J. Nesbitt, Grand Rapids.

Commissioner of the State Land Office—Orlando F. Barnes, Roscommon.

State Treasurer—Thomas Gordon, Jr., Howell.

Supreme Court Justice—Matthew W. Norris, Grand Rapids.

### PROHIBITION STATE TICKET.

Governor—Fred W. Corbett, Lansing.

Lieutenant-Governor—Urial Massalkin, Big Rapids, by petition.

Supreme Court Justice—W. H. D. Fox, Mt. Clemens.

Secretary of State—George A. Young, Owosso.

State Treasurer—Fred M. Beal, State Land Commissioner—D. M. Pickett, Detroit.

Attorney General—Elmer R. Thompson, Grand Rapids.

### Think It Over Again.

If there are any Michigan Republicans who have it now in mind to desert their party candidates and their party principals through voting for democratic candidates at the coming election there are some questions they should seriously consider before carrying out that intention.

Would a democratic victory in 1910 increase the wages of any worker in the country?

Would it start a single wheel in operation which is idle now?

Would it broaden the market for any fabric which any American mill produces?

Would it sell an additional bushel of corn or wheat, bale of cotton, pound of meat or anything else which

the farmer or the planter produces?

No sane person among the 90,000,000 people of the country will answer any of these queries in the affirmative.

Complaint is made that the cost of living is too high. Would the election of a democratic congress this year or a democratic president and congress two years hence lower the cost?

Would it reduce the rent of a tenement anywhere?

Would it cut the price of a yard of cloth, a pair of shoes, a barrel of flour or anything whatever which anybody wears or eats?

Any person who answers yes to any of these latter queries will do so upon the assumption that a democratic victory would close factories and shops

throw hundreds of thousands out of employment, and, by reducing the purchasing power of everybody, compel producers to lower their prices in order to sell anything at all.

This result has accompanied democratic victories of other years. Not

in the memory of men and women living today has the democratic party given to this country conditions which added to work or to the wages or to prosperity in any section of the union or to any single line of national development or individual prosperity.

The democratic party in this campaign stands for the very same policies which have always in the past proven so disastrous.

Show it over again, you voter of Michigan, who have had it in mind to experiment again in the direction that always in the past has brought regret and retribution.

People are not valn. except when they have no knowledge.

### Phuane Politics.

Tuesday evening our Democratic friends opened the campaign in this county with Hon. T. J. Buchanan, their candidate for the office of Atty. General, as the star performer. The speaker arrived on one of the mid-day trains, and made a tour of the business places in the village, a genial, frank appearing gentleman, who is serving a second term as Prost. Atty. in Cass Co.

He was escorted to the hall by the Citizen's Band, whose music was appreciated and acknowledged by him as the "Best."

He was introduced to the audience by L. T. Wright, candidate for Prost. Atty. of this county, whose long residence here and acquaintance in the county, might give him strong pull if he was on the other ticket. The speaker started with compliments to the personal character of the opposing candidates, present and past, and then nearly every political crime known, first saying that "he was only going to present facts which could not be contradicted." Having no stenographer present we cannot follow him through, but give a few of his "facts" as samples, which will be recognized by any one present.

After reviewing the "rotteness" of the administration for the past ten years and the broken Republican promises, in referring to the present candidates for Governor, he said, and repeated several times, that "two years ago Mr. Hemans carried every county south of the Straits, but that Mr. Warner was elected, because the returns from the four great iron and copper counties of the Upper Peninsula were held back by the "machine," managed by Chase Osborn, until they learned how many votes must be shown from there to overcome Hemans' majority south of the Straits, and when their returns came in it was found that Warner was elected by a very small majority.

His next "Phuane Phraze" was that in the late primary election, Mr. Masselman carried the lower peninsula and the same tactics was pursued by Mr. Osborn, as two years ago in the Hemans-Warner election, and Osborn was nominated.

In his oration, he repeated the "Fact" that, "in 1898 Mr. Hemans carried every county in the state except the four copper and iron counties which were controlled by Mr. Osborn, as two years ago in the

### Presbyterian Church.

Sunday, Oct. 30, 1910.  
Mid week prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.  
Choir meeting with Miss Jacob's Friday evening.

Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Subject—"The Invincible Word." Sabbath School at 11:45 a. m. A. B. Failing, Supt.

Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m.  
"My Denomination's Work in Other Lands."—Leader Miss Case.

Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Subject—"Moody, the Soul Winner, or Prince of Revivalists."

All are cordially invited to attend these services.

J. HUMPHREY FLEMING, Pastor.

### At Just Half Price.

Subscriptions will be accepted for a limited time to the St. Louis Weekly Globe-Democrat, issued twice every week. Send one dollar, promptly and you will get this great Semi-Weekly newspaper two full years. Or send one dollar with another name and the paper will be mailed one year to you and also one year to the other subscriber. Two large papers every week. Eight or more pages each Tuesday and Friday. All the news of all the earth in continuous and connected form. Complete and correct market reports. Able edited departments for the home and for the farm. Many features of interest and value to every member of the family. Republican in politics. Conservative, dignified, truthful. Reliable, progressive, up-to-date. You will find the Globe-Democrat invaluable during the coming year. Don't miss the biggest newspaper bargain ever offered. Send your order today or write for sample copy to the Globe Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

## Choice Meats

### Fresh or Smoked

### Delivered to

### Your Kitchen

Phone No. 2

### At Just Half Price.

Subscriptions will be accepted for a limited time to the St. Louis Weekly

Globe-Democrat, issued twice every

week. Send one dollar, promptly and

you will get this great Semi-Weekly

newspaper two full years. Or send

one dollar with another name and the

paper will be mailed one year to you

and also one year to the other sub-

scriber. Two large papers every

week. Eight or more pages each

Tuesday and Friday. All the news of

all the earth in continuous and con-

nected form. Complete and correct

market reports. Able edited depart-

ments for the home and for the farm.

Many features of interest and value

to every member of the family. Re-

publican in politics. Conservative,

dignified, truthful. Reliable, pro-

gressive, up-to-date. You will find

the Globe-Democrat invaluable dur-

ing the coming year. Don't miss the

biggest newspaper bargain ever of-

## Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, OCT. 27

### Local and Neighborhood News.

#### Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year IN ADVANCE. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A K following your name means we want our money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondence, etc., must reach us by Tuesday forenoon, and can not be considered later.

Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

Eat pumpkin pie at the "harvest home" supper.

Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

Where are you going? To the "harvest home" supper November 1st, at the G. A. R. Hall.

**Bates sells the best Coal.**

Let me quote you a price on Royal or Asbestos Roofing, put on. F. R. Deckrow.

**FOR SALE**—A good team of horses Inquire of John Hanrahan, Wellington, Mich. Oct 14-31.

Mrs. Nellie Heesel of Sigsbee is visiting her sister, Mrs. Celia Granger for a few days.

Beech and Maple Block Wood for furnaces. Leave orders with **SALLING, HANSON COMPANY**.

Fine Bathroom Outfit in display window No. 400 Cedar street, F. R. Deckrow.

**FOR SALE**—2 heating stoves and 2 bedsteads, in good condition. Enquire at the home near the old poorhouse. Mrs. E. F. Dutton.

Dinner at Grange Hall, November 5th from 12 until 2 o'clock and there will be a sale of vegetables of all kinds after.

For plastering and other mason work and estimates of work in my line, call or address Wm. Fairbotham, Grayling, Mich. 13-tf.

**FOR SALE**—1,000 heads of red and white cabbage, 50 bushels of carrots, 50 bushels of potatoes. Leave order with Tony Nelson, Phone 541.

Mrs. Sarah Corwin left yesterday for Reed City, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Dr. Kelt for a couple of weeks.

The Crawford Grange will serve dinner November 5th, from 12 to 2. Come one, Come all. 25 cents pays the bill.

Remember the dinner at Grange Hall November 5th. Which will have a display of farm products to be sold after dinner.

The first number on the lecture course will be given Thursday eve., Oct. 27. — Elizabeth DeBarrie Gill, Harpist Reader, Contralto Soloist.

T. J. Spencer, near Lovells, is getting in good shape with his chicken business and small fruits. He has about 200 Barred Rocks and White Leghorns.

Rev. Mr. Houston of Johannesburg was a welcome visitor to many friends here, last Monday. He is assigned to Thompsonville, Bunzie Co., for the ensuing year.

The Epworth League will give a "harvest home" supper at the G. A. R. Hall, November 1st, from five to eight o'clock. Price 25 cents, children 15 cents.

M. A. Bates has secured the services of Allan Morserman to take charge of the mechanical department of the city telephone line, and anticipates entire personal rest from that care as Mr. Morserman is an expert.

D. Riedy, General Freight and Passenger Agent for the Manistee and N. E. R. R. was in the village last week looking over the business situation for their line and seemed well pleased with the outlook.

\$80.00 per month straight salary and expenses, to merit with rig, to introduce our Poultry Remedies. Don't answer unless you mean business. Eureka Poultry Food Mfg. Co. (Incorporated), East St. Louis, Ill. Oct 27-41.

Santovar coffee is always good. If you have not tried the Santovar Southern coffee at 25 cents a pound, you have not tested the best coffee for the price. There is none that is possible to do to save its strength and flavor and it is packed in 1 lb. tins. Salling Hanson Co.

Sales Manager Wanted—For Crawford County. Must be capable of organizing a sales force to secure subscriptions for our magazine. References required. Special Agency. National Sportsman, 75 Federal St., Boston, Mass. Oct 26-41.

We are indebted to Rev. Mr. Ivey for a copy of the minutes of the Detroit Annual Conference of the M. E. Church held in Detroit Sept. 21-26. It is a pleasant book to have, showing as it does in detail the growth of this body, and handy to trace the new homes of the several ministers.

About thirty of the directors of district schools of this and Roscommon counties held a meeting at the Court House last Tuesday under the direction of Superintendent of Public Instruction, Wright, which was really a school of instruction for school officers, and was not only an enjoyable affair, but of benefit to those present.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Manney returned last week from a pleasant visit in Bay City and Flint.

Attorneys Alexander and Walton were in attendance at the meeting of the Circuit Court in Gaylord the first of the week.

C. W. Ward of Maple Forest is in Detroit this week overhauling his yacht, with which he will make a tour of the lakes with a party of his friends immediately after election.

We are indebted to Axel Michelson for a double brace of canvas backs, which came out of a bunch of 72 taken by their little party on Houghton Lake one day the first of the week.

M. P. Olson and John J. Neider each were offered two hundred dollars, for five acres from the adjoining corners of their farms on sections 8 and 9 last Tuesday, spot cash. The land is cleared and fenced, but no buildings. The gentleman wanted the site for a home. The offer was refused.

Thos. Carney who was a resident here for several years in the early days of the village now of Bay City, was in town the first of the week, a welcome visitor to scores of his old associates. From his conversation we should judge he was yet wedged to the Republican party, of which fact he left no one in doubt in the old days.

#### The "Union Depot."

The comedy, "The Union Depot," given by the Seniors and Juniors of the Grayling High School, last Friday evening was a great success. In spite of the weather the house was well filled.

The play was under the management of Miss Ella Beers of Cleveland, Ohio, assisted by a cast of about thirty characters.

A chorus of fifty small children from the lower grades sang "I've Got the Mumps," which brought hearty applause from the audience. The specialties by Fred Alexander, assisted by a chorus in costume also won hearty applause.

Considering the short time for preparation, every character took their part well, especially so, as it was the first time the most of them had ever taken part in anything of the kind.

Marion Salling, as Mrs. Garfield was especially good. She represents a widow who had lost four husbands and six children. She seemed to be very much interested in everyone who came into the depot, so much so, that at times she was quite annoying to some of the travelers. However, her train came at last and she departed, much to the delight of the others in the depot.

One of the most amusing parts was that of the bridal party, which consisted of a young farmer and his bride with their attendants. They kept the audience laughing continually, especially during the lunch scene, until the trainmaster announced their train and they departed.

Another entertaining part was that of Mr. and Mrs. Henbeck, the former displaying typical story-book meekness.

Will Lauder, as boot-black, brought down the house by his interest in the affairs of others.

The play was closed by a pretty chorus, "Don't You Want A Paper Dearie," lead by Mr. Alexander and every one was united in declaring the entertainment the best of its kind that Grayling has seen in some time.

Messrs. Perry and Worst started for their homes Friday. Mr. Ryburn remains on the ranch for the present.

Jacob Truax was up to his ranch Friday and as usual was in a hurry, taking the train for Caro Saturday.

C. F. Underhill returned from New York Friday and expects to clean up about \$50,000.00 on his last winter's work.

Fred Bloom is doing a good job for C. W. Ward by plowing and pulverizing the ground around the boulevard. We expect to see this seed to grass when completed.

Thursday about 1:30 p. m. a balloon passed over Lovells following out the boulevard as far as the Forest Farm.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The twelfth grade classics class have taken up "Paradise Lost."

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others in making the play a success was appreciated very much by the Junior and Senior classes.

In connection with study of Indian Life, the second grade children are constructing what they call a "really" wigwam, in one corner of the school room. It seems to create extraordinary interest.

The help given by Mr. Alexander and others

# The Avalanche

9 P.M. PUBLISHED.

GRATLING, MICHIGAN.

## BIG GYPSUM PLANT BURNS TO GROUND

"Got your stove up yet?"

As a means of crossing the Alps flying bats walking.

Mother Earth weighs 7,000,000,000,000 tons. Isn't she cute?

The fool-killer ought to open a permanent office at Niagara falls.

Why not issue accident and life policies with the hobble skirt?

Still, when a woman takes to avating the hobble skirt may serve a purpose.

We hear of Pisa-effects in women's fall-hats. May we suggest Vezuvius crater styles next?

Mr. MacVeagh thinks of shortening the dollar bill. Most of us would rather have it stretched.

While bathtubs have gone up in price, bathrooms in St. Louis may be treated at the same old figures.

Aviators are bad risks for insurance companies, but they are splendid insurers of human progress and civilization.

When the speeding motorcyclist collapses in the joy-riding automobile the innocent bystander is caught to laugh.

This year's custom yield at New York from returning tourists will break the record. The way to collect is to collect.

Some one has invented a crewless war vessel. Will he now invent a passengerless ship that will take us to Europe?

A Des Moines cat attacked a chain-tie hat worn by a young woman. The cat was probably after the rat underneath.

Sanguine persons are offering to bet that Uncle Sam will have his census returns for 1910 all footed up before the year 1911.

A new style in women's wearing apparel is called "Early Christian." This is probably the neatest approach to orthodoxy in women's dress that we can hope for.

The National Council of Persia has decided to employ American financial advisers rather than those of European connections. Another sign of progressiveness in the east.

A hot aerial enthusiast has invented a gas bag to insure the safety from accident to the aeroplanists. Now it is in order for the aeroplanists to invent a cure thing for gas-bags.

The kaiser might as well try to drown the famous "Legends" of the Rhine, Lorchel and all, as to suppress the traditions of the ballet. What would grand opera be without them?

A member of an old St. Louis family threatens to write a book in which he proposes to expose St. Louis society, is St. Louis society of sufficient importance to merit exposure?

"The Wash Girl" is the title of a new play that is being brought out in New York. If it succeeds we may expect somebody to follow immediately with a play written around "The Scrib Lady."

Flies 340 Miles; Wins \$35,000. AAVIATOR WYNMILL ARRIVED AT 1858, THE CHAMPION DISTANCE, 340 MILES, WHICH WAS HELD IN PARIS, HAVING ENOUGH TO FLY PRETTY CLEAN WHEN HE COMPETED IN PARIS, FROM THENCE TO AND BACK IN 27 HOURS 50 MINUTES, AND TOOK 135 MILES BY AIR ROUTE TO LONDON.

Admiral Reis Was Assassinated.

That Admiral Cambido Reis, the Portuguese revolutionary chief, was assassinated in now-fractured command. Admiral Reis was one of the leaders in the recent rising, which ended in the proclamation of the Portuguese republic.

Population statistics issued in

WASHINGTON, are: Portland, Me., 58,571, an increase of 8,426; Brockton, Mass., 56,878, increase 16,151; Chicopee, Mass., 25,401, increase 6,821; Elkhorn, Mass., 47,920, increase 6,251; West Hoboken, N. J., 35,363, increase 12,300; Lima, O., 26,500, increase 6,750.

Dr. Kenner C. Babcock, president of the University of Arizona, has been appointed specialist in higher education in the United States bureau of education at Washington. His appointment is in line with the policy of the present commissioner of the bureau of having specialists to study the various phases of education. His salary is \$3,000 a year.

The trustees of the Saginaw General Hospital have given the \$50,000 bequest of the late Arthur Hill.

Thomas Hall, a negro convict from Detroit, committed suicide in his cell at the Marquette prison by hanging using strips torn from his bed sheet.

By the tipping of a bucket in which they were holding to support four men were killed at the Cheyenne China restaurant, 1,000 miles west of the

penning.

The new postoffice was opened at East Lansing. It is a two-story wood structure 100 feet by 30 feet.

John Holley, state military instructor, will open the second floor.

At the examination of Charles McTroy and Mr. and Mrs. James Horton of Cadillac, charged with the murder of young Frank McConnell, the Hortons waived examination and were bound over to the November term of court.

Finding that the summer cottages of Detroiters and others in Leelanau township, Leelanau county, on Grand Traverse bay, are being markedly undervalued for state taxation purposes, the state tax board has raised the taxable valuation in that county from \$321,000 to \$1,024,000.

During the testimony in the divorce case begun by Mrs. Alice E. Loveless at Flint, aged 66, against her husband, Charles R. Loveless, aged 70, a Vienna township farmer, the plaintiff offered the fact that her spouse had purchased her only one dress during their 35 years of wedded life and "it wasn't a hobble either."

Charles Metro, charged with slaying Frank McConnell, who was shot to death while stealing a cabbage from Metro's patch, near Cadillac, was held for trial in the circuit court. Metro's mother-in-law and her husband were also bound over.

Twins were born to a Russian family up in Manitoba the other day, and the father was so discouraged that he traded one of the babies for a pig. Then the authorities interfered and made the man take the child back. It is not at all unlikely that that is the same thing they could have done for their choice.

Virginia's chief executive told the truth when he said that a man who comes in from a fishing trip is not the same fellow when he is asked to give his tax list to the assessor.

Mr. Addie Smith, of Ludington, was awarded damages of \$1,000 from George Little, a saloonkeeper who sold her husband liquor which it was alleged, caused him to go home and threaten the lives of his children. In defending his mother's son, Henry, fired several shots at his father, some of which inflicted injury on the mother.

## DAVID B. HILL IS DEAD.

Had Been Ill But a Few Days With a Bilious Attack.

David B. Hill, ex-United States senator and former governor of New York, died suddenly at Wolcott's Roost, his country home.

About two weeks ago Mr. Hill was seized with a bilious attack while at his law office in New York, and although his condition was not considered serious at the time his physician advised him to remain at home for a few days until he recovered.

A cold developed and a few days later alarming reports of his condition were circulated. These reports, however, were denied by friends, in fact, the senator appeared to be on the road to recovery when he suffered a sinking spell, which resulted in his death.

David Bennett Hill was one of the most picturesque and, for a large portion of his life, one of the most influential figures in American politics.

For a third of his years were spent in public office, and throughout several administrations he occupied a position in the national councils of the Democratic party very similar to that held by Tom Platt in the Republican household, except that Hill was less a boss than a leader and trusted adviser.

French Strike Is Over.

The directors of the French railroad companies involved in the strike agreed to grant a minimum wage of \$1 a day to the employees of all lines running out of Paris.

The new scale will go into effect January 1 and constitutes the chief concession demanded by the men.

Julia Ward Howe Dead.

Julia Ward Howe is dead. Bowed under the weight of her 91 years, the noted philanthropist and author succumbed to an attack of pneumonia.

The end came peacefully in her summer home in Middletown, R. I. Her three daughters were at the bedside when Mrs. Howe passed away, but her son was absent. The funeral was held at the Church of the Disciples' Unitarian in Boston.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

Another lot of homesekers, numbering more than 3,000, chiefly from the middle western states, arrived in south Texas.

Walter A. Dipley and Mrs. Goldie Smith, charged at Marshfield, Mo., with the murder of Stanley Ketchel, filed a motion in a justice court asking for a change of venue for their preliminary hearing.

As indicating the postoffice department is fast approaching the state of self-support, Postmaster General Hitchcock announced that the deficit for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1910, amounted to only \$5,814,452, as compared with \$17,479,770 for the preceding year.

Forty million pounds of tobacco is held by the Burley-Tobacco society as part of the dissolved 1909 pool will be sold on the open market in Cincinnati. About 40,000,000 additional pounds probably will be sent to the

factory by the Burley-Tobacco society so low that immense importations will be necessary to produce the desired revenue.

The defense was not outlined, but Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter, addressed to

Mr. Green as "the light of my life and wife of my heart" was put in evidence. It is said the defense is holding back its trump card, which probably is a confession by Mrs. Green of illicit relations with Skidmore.

The defense was not outlined, but Skidmore's love letter

# The COAST of CHANCE

BY ESTHER  
& LUCIA  
CHAMBERLAIN  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MERRILL  
COPYRIGHT 1905 BY  
BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

## SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chatworth ring, known as the Crew Idol, mysteriously disappears. Harry Cressy, who was present, describes the ring to Miss Clara Britton, as being like a heather god, with a beautiful sapphire set in the center. Flora, maid to Kerr, an Englishman, is the clairvoyant who sees that Harry and Kerr know something about the mystery. Kerr tells Flora that he dislikes Kerr. Harry admits to Flora that he dislikes Kerr. Harry takes Flora to a Chinese restaurant to an engagement. An exquisite sapphire set in a hoop of brass, is selected. Harry urges her not to wear it until it is reset. Kerr, who is a jeweler, has a spell over Flora. She becomes uneasy and apprehensive. Flora meets Kerr at a box party. She is startled by the effect on Kerr of the green sapphire in the sash. The possibility that the stone is part of the Crew Idol causes Flora much alarm. Until Flora can see Kerr again, she remains in her dressing room. Flora refuses to give or sell the stone to Kerr, and suspects him of being the thief. On the night of the Kite Ball, Flora decides to return the ring to Harry, but he tells her to keep it for a day or two. Ella Butler tells Flora that Clara is getting her cap for her father, Judge Butler.

## CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"Well, I'll let you know if it makes any difference," said Ella hopefully.

Flora knew that nothing either of them could say would make any difference to Clara, or turn her from the thing she was pursuing; but by speaking she might at least find out if Judge Butler himself were really her object.

The bells and whistles of one o'clock were making clangor as she ran up the steps of her house again.



She Tore It Open Hastily.

In the hall Shima presented her with a card. She looked at it with a quickening pulse. "Is he waiting?"

"No, madam. Mr. Kerr has gone. He waited half an hour."

Down went her spirits again. Yet surely after their last interview she ought not to be eager to meet him again. "In the morning," she thought, "and waited half an hour. How he must have wanted to see me!" She didn't know whether she liked that or not. "When did he come?"

"At 11 o'clock."

At this she was frightened; he had missed Harry by less than half an hour.

"He waited all that time alone?"

"No. Mr. Cressy came." Flora felt a cold thrill in her nerves. Then Harry had come back! What had he come for?

"He also would wait," the Japanese explained.

Flora gasped. "They waited together?"

The Japanese shook his head. "They went away together."

She didn't believe her ears. "Mr. Kerr went away with Mr. Cressy?"

The Japanese seemed to resolve the problem of master. "No. Mr. Cressy accompanied Mr. Kerr." He had made a delicate oriental distinction. It was the whole thing before her in a moment. Harry had been the resolute, and the other with his brilliant initiative attacking, always attacking when he should have been hiding, had carried him off. What had he done, and how had he managed, when Harry must have had such pressing reasons for wanting to stay? Ah, she knew only too well Kerr's exquisite knowledge of managing; but why must he make such a reckless exposure of himself? Did he suppose Harry was to be managed? Had no idea where Harry stood in this affair? It pity's name, didn't he know that Harry had seen him before—had seen him under circumstances of which Harry wouldn't talk?

## CHAPTER XV.

A Lady in Distress. She had returned, ready for pitched battle with Clara, and on the threshold there had met her the very turn in the affair that she had dreaded all along—the setting of Kerr and Harry upon each other.

These were two whom she had kept apart even in her mind—the man to whom she was pledged, with whom she had supposed herself in love, and the man for whom she was flying in the face of all her traditions. She had not scrutinized the reason of her extraordinary behavior; not since that dreadful day when the vanishing mystery had taken positive form in him had she dared to think how she felt about Kerr. She had only acted, acted; only asked herself what to do next, and never why; only taken his cause upon herself and made it her own, as if that was her natural right. She could hardly believe that it was she who had let herself go to this extent. All her life she had been de-

oted to public opinion, bowing to conventions, respectful of those legal and moral rules laid down by some rigid material spirit lurking in mankind. But now when the moment had come, when the responsibility had descended upon her, she found that these things had in no way persuaded her.

Then this was herself, a creature too much concerned with the primal harmonies of life to be impressed by the modulations her decade set upon them. This was that self which she had obscurely cherished as no more than a fairy; but at Kerr's accimation it had proclaimed itself more real than flesh and blood, and Kerr himself the most real thing in all her life.

Then what was Harry? The bland implacable announcement of Shima had summoned him up to stand beside Kerr more clearly than her own eyes could have shown him.

Kerr, with his brilliant initiative, might carry him off, but Kerr was still the quarry. For had not Harry, from the very beginning, known something about him? Hadn't he at first denied having seen him before, and then admitted it? Hadn't he dropped hints and innuendoes without ever an explanation? She remembered the singular fact of the embassy hall, twice mentioned, each time with that singular name of Farrell Wand. And to know—if that was what Harry knew—that a man of such fame was in a community where a ring of such fame had disappeared—what further proof was wanted?

Then why didn't Harry speak? And what was going on his side of the affair? Harry's side would have been Kerr's side, hers, either. She was standing between the two—standing hesitating, between her love of one and her loyalty to the other and what he represented. The power might be hers to tip the scales. Harry held either to Kerr's undoing or to his protection. At least she thought to his protection. If she could discover Harry's secret. Her special, authorized relation to him—her right to see him often, question him freely—ever coax—should make that easy. But she shrank from what seemed like betrayal, even though she did not betray him to Kerr by name.

Then, on the other hand, she doubted how much she could do with Harry. She wasn't sure how far she was prepared to try him after that scene of theirs. She had no desire to plague him further by seeing too much of Kerr. On her own account she wanted for the present to avoid Kerr. He roused a feeling in her that she feared—a feeling intoxicating to the senses, dazzling to the mind, unknotting to the will. How could she tell; if they were left alone, that she might not take the jewel from her neck, at his request, and hand it to him—and damn them both? If only she could escape seeing him altogether until she could find out what Harry was doing and what she must do!

Meanwhile, there was her promise to Ella. She recalled it with difficulty. It seemed a vague thing in the light of her latest discovery, though she could never meet Clara in disarray, without a qualm. But she made the plunge that evenings, before Clara left for the Bullers, while she was at her dressing-table in the hall-disarray which brings out all the softness and the disarming physical charm of women. From her low chair Flora spoke laughingly of Ella's perturbation. Clara paused, with the powder puff in her hand, while she listened to Flora's explanation of how Ella feared that some one might, after all these years, be going to marry Judge Butler. Who this might be, she did not even hint at. She left it so sketchy. But the little stare with which Clara met it, the amusement, the surprise, and the shortest possible laugh, were guarantee that Clara had seen it all. She had filled out Flora's sketch to the full outline, and pronounced it, as Flora had, an absurdity. But though Clara had laughed, she had gone away with her delicate brows a little drawn together, as if she'd really found more than a laugh, something worth considering in Ella's state of mind.

She heard the wheels of Clara's departing conveyance. Now was her chance for an interview with Harry. She spent 20 minutes putting together three sentences that would not arouse his suspicion. She made two copies, and sent them by separate messengers, one to his rooms, one to the club, with orders they be brought back if he was not there to receive them. Then the business of waiting in the large house full of echoes and the round ghostly globes of electric lights, with that thing around her neck for which did they but know of it—half the town would break in her windows and doors.

The wind traveled the streets without, and shook the window-casings. She covered over the library fire, listening. The leaping flames set her shadow dancing like a goblin. A bell rang, and the shadow and the flame gave a higher leap as if in welcome of what had arrived. She went to the library door. In the gloom and lights outside Shima was standing, and two messengers. It was odd that both should arrive at once. She stepped back and stood waiting with a quicker pulse. Shima entered with two letters upon his tray. She had no moment's anxiety lest both her notes had been brought back to her, but no—the envelope which lay on top showed Harry's writing. She tore it open hastily. Harry wrote that he would be delighted, and might he bring a friend with him, a bally fellow whom she had written to meet. He added she might send over for some girl and they could have a jolly little party.

Flora looked at this communication blankly. Was Harry, who had always jumped at the chance of a tête-à-tête, dodging her? In her astonishment she let the other envelope fall. She stopped, and then for a moment remained thus, bent above it. The subscription was not hers. The note

was not addressed to Harry, but to her, and in a handwriting she had never seen before!

Again the seal of the electric bell. Shima appeared with a third envelope. This time it was her own note returned to her. With the feeling she was bewitched she took up the mysterious letter from the floor and opened it. She read the strange handwriting:

"May I see you, anywhere, at any time, to-night?" ROBERT KERR.

It was as if Kerr himself had entered the room, masked and muffled beyond recognition, and then, face to face with her, let fall his disguise. She gazed at the words; then at the signature, thrilled and frightened. She looked at Harry's note, hesitated; caught a glimpse of the two messengers waiting stolidly in the hall.

"Waiting for answers?" Answers to such communications! She made a dash for the table where were pens and ink and on one sheet scrawled:

"Certainly. Bring him," appending her initials; on the other—the word "impossible;" and her full name. Then she hurried the letters into Shima's hands, lest her courage should fail her—lest she should regret her choice.

"Anywhere, at any time, to-night," she repeated softly. "Why, the man must be mad! Yet she permitted herself a moment of imagining what might have been if her answers had been reversed.

But no, she dared not meet Kerr's impetuous attacks yet. First she must get at Harry. And how was that to be managed if he insisted on surrounding himself with "a jolly little party?"

She found a moment that evening in which to ask him to walk out to the Presidio with her the next morning. But he was going to Burlingame on the early train. He was woefully sorry. It was ages since he had had a moment with her alone, but at least he would see her that evening. She had not forgotten. They were going to that dinner and then the reception afterward? Her suspicion that he was deliberately dodging her secret. Her special, authorized relation to him—her right to see him often, question him freely—ever coax—should make that easy. But she shrank from what seemed like betrayal, even though she did not betray him to Kerr by name.

Then, on the other hand, she doubted how much she could do with Harry. She wasn't sure how far she was prepared to try him after that scene of theirs. She had no desire to plague him further by seeing too much of Kerr. On her own account she wanted for the present to avoid Kerr. He roused a feeling in her that she feared—a feeling intoxicating to the senses, dazzling to the mind, unknotting to the will. How could she tell; if they were left alone, that she might not take the jewel from her neck, at his request, and hand it to him—and damn them both? If only she could escape seeing him altogether until she could find out what Harry was doing and what she must do!

Meanwhile, there was her promise to Ella. She recalled it with difficulty. It seemed a vague thing in the light of her latest discovery, though she could never meet Clara in disarray, without a qualm. But she made the plunge that evenings, before Clara left for the Bullers, while she was at her dressing-table in the hall-disarray which brings out all the softness and the disarming physical charm of women. From her low chair Flora spoke laughingly of Ella's perturbation. Clara paused, with the powder puff in her hand, while she listened to Flora's explanation of how Ella feared that some one might, after all these years, be going to marry Judge Butler. Who this might be, she did not even hint at. She left it so sketchy. But though Clara had laughed, she had gone away with her delicate brows a little drawn together, as if she'd really found more than a laugh, something worth considering in Ella's state of mind.

She heard the wheels of Clara's departing conveyance. Now was her chance for an interview with Harry. She spent 20 minutes putting together three sentences that would not arouse his suspicion. She made two copies, and sent them by separate messengers, one to his rooms, one to the club, with orders they be brought back if he was not there to receive them. Then the business of waiting in the large house full of echoes and the round ghostly globes of electric lights, with that thing around her neck for which did they but know of it—half the town would break in her windows and doors.

The wind traveled the streets without, and shook the window-casings. She covered over the library fire, listening. The leaping flames set her shadow dancing like a goblin. A bell rang, and the shadow and the flame gave a higher leap as if in welcome of what had arrived. She went to the library door. In the gloom and lights outside Shima was standing, and two messengers. It was odd that both should arrive at once. She stepped back and stood waiting with a quicker pulse. Shima entered with two letters upon his tray. She had no moment's anxiety lest both her notes had been brought back to her, but no—the envelope which lay on top showed Harry's writing. She tore it open hastily. Harry wrote that he would be delighted, and might he bring a friend with him, a bally fellow whom she had written to meet. He added she might send over for some girl and they could have a jolly little party.

Flora looked at this communication blankly. Was Harry, who had always jumped at the chance of a tête-à-tête, dodging her? In her astonishment she let the other envelope fall. She stopped, and then for a moment remained thus, bent above it. The subscription was not hers. The note

was very vaguely seen through the glass and lace of the inner door. Her heart beat with apprehension. The door opened upon Clara.

Flora precipitately retreated. She was more disturbed than relieved by the unexpected appearance. For Clara must have seen Kerr leave the house. Three times now within three days he

had been found with her or waiting for her.

She wondered if Clara would ask her awkward questions. But Clara, when she entered Flora's dressing-room a few moments later with the shopping-list, instead of a question, offered a statement.

"I don't like that man," she announced.

"Who?"

"That Kerr. I met him just now on the steps. Don't you feel there is something wrong about him?"

"Oh, I don't," said Flora vaguely.

Flora gave her a bright glance.

"But you weren't at home to him?"

"I'm not at home to any one this morning." Flora answered evasively, feeling the probe of Clara's eyes. "I'm feeling ill. I'm not going out this evening, either. I think I'll ring up Burlingame and tell Harry."

It was in her mind that she might manage to make him stay with her while Clara went to the reception.

"Burlingame! Harry!"

Flora echoed in surprise. "Why, he's in town. I saw him just now as I was coming up."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. He was walking up Clay from Kearney—I was in the car."

"Why—that—that is—" Flora stammered in her surprise. Then something must have kept him, she altered her sentence quickly.

Though this seemed the probable explanation she did not believe it. Harry walking toward Chinatown, when he had told her distinctly he would be in Burlingame! She thought of the goldsmith shop and there returned to her the memory of how Harry and the blue-eyed Chinaman had looked when she had turned from the window and seen them standing together in the back of the shop.

"You do look ill!" Clara remarked. "Why don't you stay in bed and not try to see any one?"

Flora murmured that that was her intention, but she was far from speaking the truth. She only waited to make sure of Clara's being in her own rooms to get out of the house and telephone to Harry.

It was not far to the nearest booth, a block or two down the cross street.

She rang, first the office. The word came back promptly in his partner's voice. He had gone to Burlingame by the early train. It was the same at the club. He must be in town, then on secret business.

She walked rapidly, in her excitement, turning the troubling question over in her mind. She did not realize how far she had gone until some girl she knew, passing and nodding to her, called her out of her reverie. She was almost in front of the University club, a few blocks more, and she would be in the shopping district. She hesitated, then decided that it would be better to walk a little further and take a cross-town cut.

A group of men was leaving the club. Two lingered on the steps, the other coming quickly out. At sight of him, she averted her face and hurried away, turned the corner and walked down a block. Her heart was beating rapidly. What if he had seen her?

She walked rapidly, in her excitement, turning the troubling question over in her mind. She did not realize how far she had gone until some girl she knew, passing and nodding to her, called her out of her reverie. She was almost in front of the University club, a few blocks more, and she would be in the shopping district. She hesitated, then decided that it would be better to walk a little further and take a cross-town cut.

"Of them!" He peered at her. "What are you talking about now?"

"Ah, she had said too much!" She blushed to her lip. They had reached the corner and the gliding cable car was approaching. She turned to him with a last appeal.

"Don't ask me anything! Don't come with me! I can't talk of it."

Not until she was safely inside the car did she dare look back at him. He was still on the corner, and he raised his hat and smiled so reassuringly that she was half-way home before she realized that, in spite of all she had urged upon him, he had not committed himself to any promise.

And yet, she thought in dismay, he had almost made her give away Harry's confidence. She was seeing more and more clearly that this was the danger of meeting him. He always got something out of her and never, by chance, gave her anything in return. If he should seek her to-night she dare not be at home. Any place would be safer than her own house.

It would be better to fulfill her engagement and go to the reception with Clara and Harry. That was a house Kerr did not know.

It was awkward to have to announce this sudden change of plan after her pretenses of the morning, but late she had lived too constantly with danger for Clara's uplifted eyebrows to daunt her. The mere trivial act of being dressed each day was fraught with danger. To get the sash on her person before Marika should appear, to put it back some how after Marika had done, to shift it from one place to another as she wore gowns cut high or low—and

she turned to him with a straight look at Kerr that made Flora uncomfortable.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

her back and waited a moment or two, still hoping he might pass her by. Then she heard his voice behind her:

"Well, this is luck!"

She was conscious of giving him a limp hand. He sat down on the vacant stool next her, laughing.

"You are a most remarkably fast walker," he observed.

"I had to buy a veil," Flora murmured.

"Has it taken you all the morning?"

"She could see she had not fooled him."

She was ready early, in the hope that Harry might come, as he had been wont to do, a little before the appointed hour. But he turned up without a moment to spare. Clara was downstairs in her cloak, when he appeared. There was no chance for a

# Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.

For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

## THEY'RE SO YOUNG

## Her Successful Failure

"Jack, what in the world have you on your mind?" asked that young man's mother. "You've been following me around all this morning just as you used to do in times of trouble when you were a youngster." Mrs. Emmons smiled lovingly at her tall son.

"I'm not in any trouble now, mother. I'm in great luck. You see, mother, Dorothy Greene and I have—well, we've fixed it up."

"You and Dorothy Greene have fixed it up!" gasped Mrs. Emmons. "I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, yes, you do, mother dear. I want you to tell father. He ought to be glad I'm so lucky, but you know you never can tell just how father's going to take things."

"But, Jack, you surely don't mean that you are engaged to that little Dorothy Greene! She's a very sweet girl, but—"

"Of course I'm engaged to her. Isn't it great? It happened only last night, and I've told you the very first one."

"But, Jack, you're only 22, and Dorothy is a mere baby. Why, it's absurd!"

"Now, mother," Jack spoke with indulgent patience, "I know it's a great surprise to you, but you mustn't say it's absurd, for it isn't. Dorothy is 19, or she will be next month. Say, mother, what can I give her for a birthday present? Of course, I intend to get the ring at once. Do you think she'd like a necklace for her birthday? A turquoise necklace would just match her eyes."

"You'll have to let me think, Jack. I'm rather dazed by your news. You know, dear, I am afraid you are very young to become engaged. It's a most serious matter."

"I know it is, and I'm awfully in earnest. Why, I'd like to marry Dorothy tomorrow if she would marry me, but, of course, she wants to get a lot of things. Girls always do I suppose."

"Marry tomorrow. Why, Jack, Dorothy isn't ready to marry."

"It doesn't take very long to get wedding clothes made."

"I'm not talking about clothes. I mean that Dorothy isn't ready to assume the duties of married life. For one thing, I don't suppose she knows anything about cooking."

"There's where you're wrong. She makes the best Welsh rarebit I ever tasted."

Mrs. Emmons smiled somewhat sadly.

"And fudge, too. Her fudge never grains or gets sugar."

"What's her other culinary accomplishment?"

"Well, she makes egg-nogs for her father when he isn't well and she can toast marshmallows to the queen's taste."

"So you think she's a wonderfully practical girl?"

"I should say so," answered Jack, oblivious of the sarcasm in his mother's words. "She's as practical as can be. When she undertakes to do anything, she does it thoroughly. You ought to see her send a ball over the net. She isn't any doll-baby, on the tennis court. She's a player and she plays to win. She sends the ball where she wants it to go."

"Has she the same accuracy with a needle?"

"I've never happened to see her sew, but she's a wonder at crocheting. She's started a silk necklace for me. Say, mother, will you tell father to day? And I'll go over and tell some of the boys. It's a toss-up with me whether to have Bill Thorpe or Ted Harris for my best man. Dolly thinks Bill's better looking than Ted, but Ted I have always been—"

"Why, mother dear, you aren't crying, are you?"

"It's very sudden, Jack. I—I'll feel better when I've talked it over with your father."

"The worst of it is, they're so dreadfully young," said Mrs. Emmons an hour later after a talk with her husband.

"Well, my dear," he replied, "they haven't any the best of you and me in that respect. We were rather infantile ourselves when we set up housekeeping. Let's see, you were 17, weren't you?"

"Yes, just 17, and I hardly knew a rolling pin from a potato masher. But don't you dare tell Jack!"

That Dreadful Humanity.

She was in peacock-blue foulard that would have been more comfortable if her vanity had allowed her breathing room, and her white lace veil, a generation too young for her, stuck to her face like flypaper.

The man with her also seemed to feel the effect of sultry muckiness, for he wiped his perspiring face and nodded sympathetic endorsement of her veil.

"I can stand dry heat as well as the next one, but the humanity in the air weakens one so I can hardly keep from droppin'."

May it be the humidity, but, may be again, it was the peacock blue foulard—Washington Star.

Her Own Executioner.

The mother of three-year-old Lola was very ill and a neighbor said: "What would you do if your mamma was to die, Lola?" "I don't know," replied the little miss in a melancholy voice, with downcast eyes. "I suppose I have to speak myself."

"That would be splendid!" she said.

## AVOIDS TRUTH AND FAIRNESS

### Democratic Candidate For Governor Plays the Demagogue.

#### THE FACTS IN THE CASE

Many Corporations in His Home County Pay Taxes on Less Than 20 Per Cent of Their Actual Value, Yet Hemans Raves Over Upper Peninsula Mine Taxation Question.

Is Mr. Lawton T. Hemans, the Democratic candidate for governor, interested to the slightest extent in the question as to whether or not the corporations of Michigan shall pay their share of taxes, or is he playing the part of a political demagogue?

Thus far in his discussion of the subject, Mr. Hemans has referred only to the upper peninsula property. He evidently has it in mind that these properties represent a very limited territory and a comparatively small number of people and that an attack in that direction will yield very largely to his political candidacy, through prejudice and the sectional division he hopes to create.

She took her resolve suddenly one day when everybody was down on the pier in swimming attire. Fanstock had paused besides her.

"Do you dive?" he inquired casually.

Now, if he had inquired of Jessamine if she was in the habit of entering the cages of tigers and eating her luncheon there, it would have seemed just as sensible to her. To plunge deliberately head foremost into the unseen terrors beneath the lake's surface, where she was morally certain that she would sink to the bottom and strangle to death, had never appealed to her as an alluring diversion. Yet as in a dash she recalled how Fanstock had cheered Helen the day before when she dived from the high post at the end of the pier.

"Oh, yes," Jessamine to her horror heard herself saying carelessly.

Fanstock looked surprised. "Never had noticed you diving, so I didn't know."

"Well," Jessamine hastened to say, "I haven't dived much lately. I don't seem to care about it any more."

"Nonsense!" Fanstock said. "It's great exercise! You should keep it up. Come out to the end of the pier!"

It was 12 feet deep at the end of the pier. Jessamine, in a cold shiver, trotted along beside him, conscious that the other girls were watching her enviously. It was a great thing to have Fanstock notice one. Now that she had his attention she would do nothing but his contempt and disgust for her lack of nerve!

In that instant Jessamine resolved to risk it. Other girls dived and still lived, so there was a fighting chance.

When Mr. Hemans says that the mining companies of the upper peninsula are not assessed to exceed 20 per cent of their actual value, he should also include the further statement that the corporations of Ingham county are assessed at less than 20 per cent of their actual value and on less than 17 per cent of their value based on the amount of capital stock subscribed.

It is known to be true, however, that Mr. Hemans' comparisons are not based on the value of mining properties as shown by sworn statements, but largely on the market value of their stock. If he will apply this same market value test to the corporations of Ingham county he will find that the percentage of assessed valuation to market value will not exceed 12 per cent.

The market value of the Reo Motor Car company, for instance, is over \$5,000,000. Just recently it was announced through the newspapers that negotiations were under way for the purchase of the Reo company by the General Motors company and that the price asked was \$7,000,000. This company is on the assessment rolls of Ingham county for only \$331,800. Based on its market value it should be on the assessment rolls for \$6,000,000.

When Mr. Hemans is discussing the question of dividends paid by the mining properties, he should also mention the fact that the Reo Motor Car company has returned in dividends since its organization, less than ten years, \$40 for every dollar of the original investment.

While these facts must be known to all, attention to the subject of taxation for political purposes only, he has made no reference to it as a citizen, and not the slightest effort to bring about any of the conditions of fairness or equality in the sharing of tax burdens to which he is giving so much of his talk as a political spokesman.

The purpose here is not to single out the corporations of one county or of a single section for discussion and criticism as Mr. Hemans has thought best to do, but to make it very plain to the people of Michigan that the Democratic candidate for governor is either not possessed of the information which enables him to fairly and fully present this question or he purports to assist his personal and party purposes.

How did one dive shallower? She thought it over slowly.

"Turn your hands up the minute you hit the water!" Fanstock ordered.

Jessamine burst into tears. "I'm not going to hit the water any more!" she quavered. "I hate it! I'm scared half to death! I never dived before in my life, and I just did it because I was afraid you'd laugh at me if I did-didn't!"

"Great guns!" Fanstock gasped as the truth dawned on him.

Even in a bedraggled bathing suit and weeping heartbrokenly, Jessamine was very attractive. It's easy to feel sympathetic and protecting when a girl is both appealing and pretty.

"See here," said Fanstock, when he got his breath, "you and I'll get up early mornings and I'll give you lessons in diving—how'd that be? I'd like to ever so much!"

As Jessamine glanced up at him through her tears, life suddenly looked rosy. She heaved a sigh of relief.

"That would be splendid!" she said.

## WAS ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND

"There's Lots of Horace, But There is Only One Judge Kinne," says Judge.

During the second Cleveland campaign, Col. John P. Irish, the golden-tongued orator, and Judge Kinne of Waterloo, Ia., the man with lungs of brass, were stamping Iowa in behalf of the Democratic candidate.

They were driving in a buggy on the road to Sidney, a young city in the southwestern part of the state, when they came to a fork of the road where there was no sign board. Which turn to take was a question, as they had barely time to make the town anyway.

"There's a farmhouse over there's a bit. You sit still and I'll go over and ask questions," said Irish, and climbing out he started for the desired information. He got it and on his return saw the horse, evidently frightened at something, tearing down the road at runaway speed. Instead of trying to stop the horse, Judge Kinne dropped the reins, climbed over the seat and dropped off the back of the buggy onto the road.

When Irish caught up to him, the judge was busily dusting himself off after his roll in the roadway, not in the least disfigured by his acrobatic stunt.

"You're on the right fork of the road, all right, judge, but why didn't you hang on to the horse?" asked Irish, laughing heartily.

"Why didn't I hang on to him?" rumbled Kinne in his deep sub-cellular voice. "I'll tell you why I didn't, my Christian friend. There's lots of horses in this world, but there is but one Judge Kinne."

It all spent four months travelling

and lecturing in the eastern cities of the states and met many men of varied classes. In my wildest dreams

for the race I had never foreseen such wealth, such freedom, such equality. America is the land of the common people, as England is the land of the classes. If I were a young working-man I would go to the states as soon as I could earn a passage, because

once on her soil, I should cease to be a laborer and become a man—which is a very different thing. Better than the boundless wealth of America, better than any material benefit she can bestow, is this sense of manhood and equality that is as all-pervading as the wind.

E. O. Kelley, Lansing Mich.

311 Washitaw St.

## THOSE WHO SCOLD 'CENTRAL'

No Greater Boor Than Man Who Is Always Raising Row With Telephone Girl.

There surely exists no greater boor than the man who is always raising a row with the telephone girl, writes Tip in the New York Press. All over, everywhere, in Europe and this country, come reports of nervous breakdowns of "hells girls." Lots of men and whole crowds of women seem to think these girls are trained talking devils, with a special spite reserved for the "phoners" alone. It is silly, not to say brutal, to send the operator for something she cannot help. No matter how well trained the nerves are, it is impossible for the strongest nerves to be quarreled and yelled at month in and month out without some nervous string being worn or broken.

There are probably more low-browed, low-dung scolders, drivers and brow-beaters of women in this country than were ever seen here before. There is one blessed thing Tip must say of Texas. If any dog tries to broadband or run over a woman down there, the first man that hears him is liable to entertain him by punching him wads out of his face and pushing his teeth down his throat with the end of a six-shooter gun.

It is known to be true, however,

that Mr. Hemans' comparisons are not based on the value of mining properties as shown by sworn statements,

but largely on the market value of their stock. If he will apply this same market value test to the corporations of Ingham county he will find that the percentage of assessed valuation to

market value will not exceed 12 per cent.

The market value of the Reo Motor Car company, for instance, is over \$5,000,000. Just recently it was announced through the newspapers that negotiations were under way for the purchase of the Reo company by the General Motors company and that the price asked was \$7,000,000. This company is on the assessment rolls of Ingham county for only \$331,800. Based on its market value it should be on the assessment rolls for \$6,000,000.

When Mr. Hemans is discussing the question of dividends paid by the mining properties, he should also mention the fact that the Reo Motor Car company has returned in dividends since its organization, less than ten years, \$40 for every dollar of the original investment.

While these facts must be known to all, attention to the subject of taxation for political purposes only, he has

made no reference to it as a citizen, and not the slightest effort to bring about any of the conditions of fairness or equality in the sharing of tax burdens to which he is giving so much of his talk as a political spokesman.

The purpose here is not to single out the corporations of one county or of a single section for discussion and criticism as Mr. Hemans has thought best to do, but to make it very plain to the people of Michigan that the Democratic candidate for governor is either not possessed of the information which enables him to fairly and fully present this question or he purports to assist his personal and party purposes.

How did one dive shallower? She thought it over slowly.

"Turn your hands up the minute you hit the water!" Fanstock ordered.

Jessamine burst into tears. "I'm not going to hit the water any more!" she quavered. "I hate it! I'm scared half to death! I never dived before in my life, and I just did it because I was afraid you'd laugh at me if I did-didn't!"

"Great guns!" Fanstock gasped as the truth dawned on him.

Even in a bedraggled bathing suit and weeping heartbrokenly, Jessamine was very attractive. It's easy to feel sympathetic and protecting when a girl is both appealing and pretty.

"See here," said Fanstock, when he got his breath, "you and I'll get up early mornings and I'll give you lessons in diving—how'd that be? I'd like to ever so much!"

As Jessamine glanced up at him through her tears, life suddenly looked rosy. She heaved a sigh of relief.

"That would be splendid!" she said.

One declaration made to the assembled representatives of the Republican party at Detroit that was generally applauded not only because its expression was in harmony with all the actions and movements of the state convention but because it briefly yet fully expressed the position of the Democratic candidate for governor, Chase S. Osborn, was this: "We stand for efficiency in public office and pledge our nomination to an administration in which every public dollar will be used as a private dollar whether in services or supplies. We likewise stand pledged to a business-like administration with the fewest possible employed and the lowest limit of expense consistent with good service and satisfactory results."

That would be splendid!" she said.

During the second Cleveland campaign, Col. John P. Irish, the golden-tongued orator, and Judge Kinne of Waterloo, Ia., the man with lungs of brass, were stamping Iowa in behalf of the Democratic candidate.

They were driving in a buggy on the road to Sidney, a young city in the southwestern part of the state, when they came to a fork of the road where there was no sign board. Which turn to take was a question, as they had barely time to make the town anyway.

"There's a farmhouse over there's a bit. You sit still and I'll go over and ask questions," said Irish, and climbing out he started for the desired information. He got it and on his return saw the horse, evidently frightened at something, tearing down the road at runaway speed. Instead of trying to stop the horse, Judge Kinne dropped the reins, climbed over the seat and dropped off the back of the buggy onto the road.

When Irish caught up to him, the judge was busily dusting himself off after his roll in the roadway, not in the least disfigured by his acrobatic stunt.

"You're on the right fork of the road, all right, judge, but why didn't you hang on to the horse?" asked Irish, laughing heartily.